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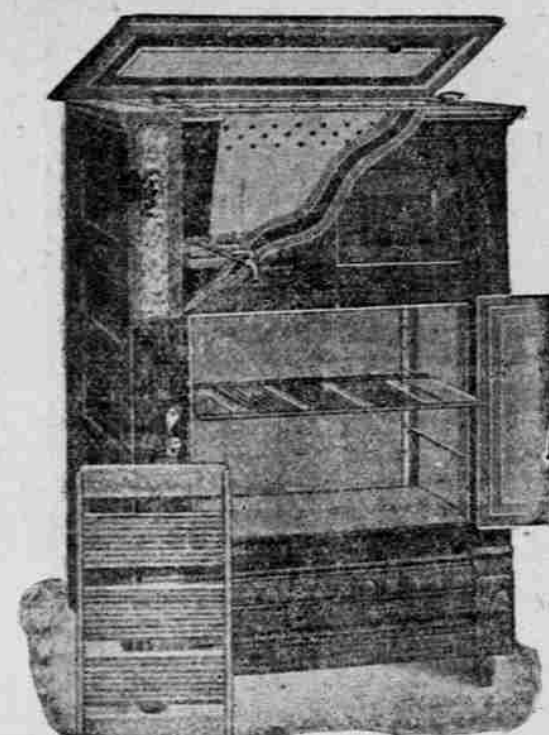
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LUCKY BLUNDERS OF TOUTS ON THE RACETRACK

A Tribute From Green Morris to the Biggest Liar He Ever Met—Straight Tip for Lucky Baldwin.

WASHINGTON, April 23.—When at the Benning track the other afternoon a tout sidled alongside "Kansas" Price and without knowing the identity of the man he was talking to proceeded to tell the "halter man" that one of his, Price's, horses in a race about to be run had no show on earth to be in the money—"Price himself just told me so," added the tout—a group of horsemen, owners and trainers fell to fanning over similar occurrences in which noted horsemen figured.

"When Green Morris brought that shifty trick of his, Cunard, to the Eastern races," said a trainer, "he started him first in one of the big two-year-old events at Morris Park—the National Stallion, I think it was, Cunard had shown Green things, and he was sure that he had the winner, particularly as the track was deep that day and Cunard revelled in the mud.

"Old Green, who, as everybody knows has been at the game almost since the Battle of New Orleans, was wandering around the Morris Park lawn an hour or so before the race, when the talk of a man who was going about touting marks caught his ear.

"The chippy chap had the for-sure winner of the big two-year-old race, he said to the tout, and he proceeded to show them how by eliminating everything on the programme of the event except the one he had picked to cop.

"He went over the list from top to bottom pointing out how this and that one had no show whatever, and when he came to the name of Cunard on the programme he threw back his head and laughed hard.

"Scuse me, gents," he said to his group of good things, "but that one jes makes me laugh—I can't help it, honest 't Gawd, I can't.

"Cunard, hey? Say, hasn't that old Western duck, Green Morris, got his noive along wit' him 't t'ink he can skate along here wit' a crab an' win in a hoss race like this'n's goin' 't be? Ain't he?

"I tol' him so, myself, this mornin', an' he comes 't th' front an' says he knows he ain't got no chanst, but he says he's jes' goin' 't run his Cunard colt f'r work as long as he got him entered.

"So you can cut out that lob, I seen him work yistiddy, an' he runs like a spavined camel. So, y' see, they's only one in it an' that one's—," and so on.

"Well, old Green's bright, youthful eyes glowed when he heard that tout's guff and the grin flickered over his face like shadows over a vitagraph film. He followed the talky tout over the grounds for half an hour listening to him.

"Now, we all know what a big effect the talk of a sure enough busy tout has when that talk is addressed exclusively to bunches of holiday visitors at a racetrack. One of the marks goes off and tells all his friends, also marks, that he just heard a 'well known horseman' say so and so, and that's the kind of talk that sticks and makes prices. It will even switch the wise ones when they get it repeatedly and strongly.

"Long before the big two-year-old race the word had sifted all over the Morris Park grounds that Green Morris didn't like Cunard or any part of him for the juvenile event. The rumor even hit the bookies' line and the layers took the story as it reached them and chalked a juicy price against the Morris colt.

"Morris and the people close to him got the cream of the big price, and Morris made one of the big clean-ups of his life, for Cunard had the race at his mercy, and took it with ease.

"After Cunard's number was up old Green dug around and found the tout leaning in a dazed sort of way against

a betting ring stanchion. Morris peeled off a hundred from one of his wads and slipped it to the tout, who took it greedily, but with an expression of amazement.

"It looks good, pop, but wot for? he asked old Green.

"Well, it's coming to you for two reasons, son," said old Green, good naturedly. "In the first place, you made the price, or did a lot to help make it. In the second place, to an experience of nearly half a century on the race-tracks, I have never met such an ornate and wholly gifted liar as you are, and I take it, such genius certainly deserves reward at the hands of those who are the beneficiaries of the lying," and old Green walked away with a chuckle.

"Lucky Baldwin had his pet, Emperor of Norfolk, in a race in Chicago one day," said a Western trainer, "and he figured with so much certainty that the race was in that he had commissioners in all of the big cities of the country to get the money down.

"The old man strolled up to the bar for a drink about half an hour before the race. He was just about to toss in his drink, when Stubs McGarrity, the Chicago tout—I guess you all know him—ambled alongside.

"Judge," said Stubs to Lucky in that confidential way of his, "I ain't no slammer-in, but I hate 't see good people like you look 't be let a neat t'ing grease by 'em."

"Why," asked Lucky, looking as if he was pleased to've been noticed by a man with a pair of field glasses slung over his shoulder, "do you know something about this race?"

"Do I know something?" echoed Stubs, feeling that he had got in good from the go-off. "Why, gram'pa, it's in, an' cooled out, an' munchin' oats in th' shed."

"You don't tell me," excitedly exclaimed Lucky, with nary a sign on him that he was kidding.

"C'mover here," panted Stubs, taking Lucky by the lapel of his frock coat and dragging him off to a corner of the bar enclosure. "Pop, you listen 't me an' you'll git something. D' j' ever here o' that gayol maverick that owns 'bout half o' California an's got a mortgage on th' rest? Lucky Baldwin, I'm talkin' 'bout?"

"Seems to me I've heard his name mentioned somewhere," said Lucky, innocently.

"Uh-huh. All right. Well lemme tell you somethin', guv'nor. If there's anything fovie an' deeper an' that ol' sloper a-racin' on these grounds," and Stubs was becoming more eloquent and plausible with every breath, "then I'll lap up buttermilk instead o' booze f'r th' rest o' me life an' swear that I like it."

"Is Mr. Baldwin represented in this race?" inquired Lucky, getting away with the big eyed thing in great shape.

"Is he represented in it?" inquired Stubs, in a tone of the deepest pity. "Judge, he's got a pup in this race that'll sneak off and hide from these mutts. Why, compared 't th' Emperor o' Norfolk, th' rest o' 'em ought 't all be peddlin' milk on th' boulevard. You go to that one, gram'pa—Emperor o' Norfolk—there's all th' s 't 't you can eat—an' if he don't come home with the carrots I'll git a job drivin' a truck f'r Marshall Field & Co., an' w'en I do that they'll be jimson weed growin' in th' middle o' State street."

"I really believe," said Lucky to Stubs, who was brick red in the face by this time from the joy of having nailed a live one, that I shall follow your advice in this matter. The betting ring seems to be very crowded, however. Could I ask you to make the wager for me?"

"Now, I wouldn't do it," said Stubs, facetiously, and holding out his hand, with a grin, for the money.

Lucky pulled out a roll of the yellow ones that it made Stubs lonesome to look at, and skinned off one of the hundreds. The tout sailed into the ring and found a book that was laying 10 to 1 against the Emperor, and he bought a ticket reading \$1,000 to \$100

and skinned back to where Lucky was waiting for him in the bar enclosure.

"You hold the ticket, young man," said Lucky to Stubs when the tout offered to pass him the ticket, "I never have any luck holding tickets myself."

"Then the two passed out to the lawn to witness the race, for the horses were on their way to the post, and all of the friends of Lucky marvelled to see him walking and chummily conversing with one of the best known touts in the United States.

"Emperor of Norfolk got away on his toes and when he came down to the wire, alone at the finish, he was only lolling in his boy's lap.

"I think I'm bad, hey, gram'pa?" gloated Stubs. "Put-trid, hain't it? Wasn't wise or nothin' to that ace Lucky had in th' hole, what? Wait'll I go git this ticket cashed—Meet me at th' bar."

"Lucky wandered up the lawn and over to the bar picking up excited friends as he walked. By the time Stubs got the ticket cashed and reached the bar, there was something doing in that enclosure.

"About forty of Lucky's friends who had gone to the Emperor of Norfolk on his advice, had formed a cordon around the old man, and they were dancing a hilarious ring around rosy with him in the middle.

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